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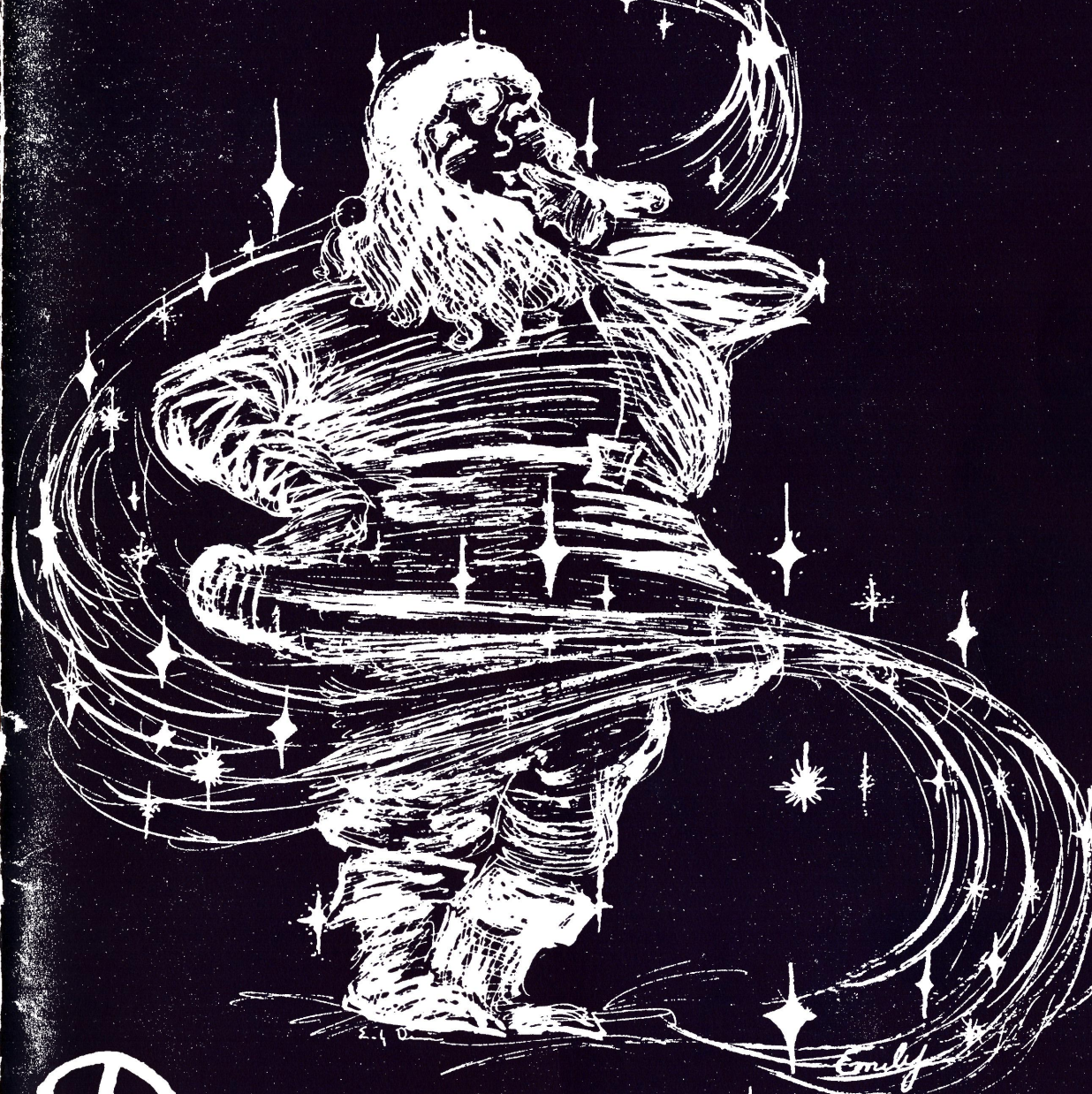
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Emily
Student's Pen



December 1950

The Student's Pen

FOUNDED 1893

Published Bi-Monthly by the Students of Pittsfield High School, Pittsfield, Massachusetts

VOL. XXXVI

DECEMBER, 1950

No. 2

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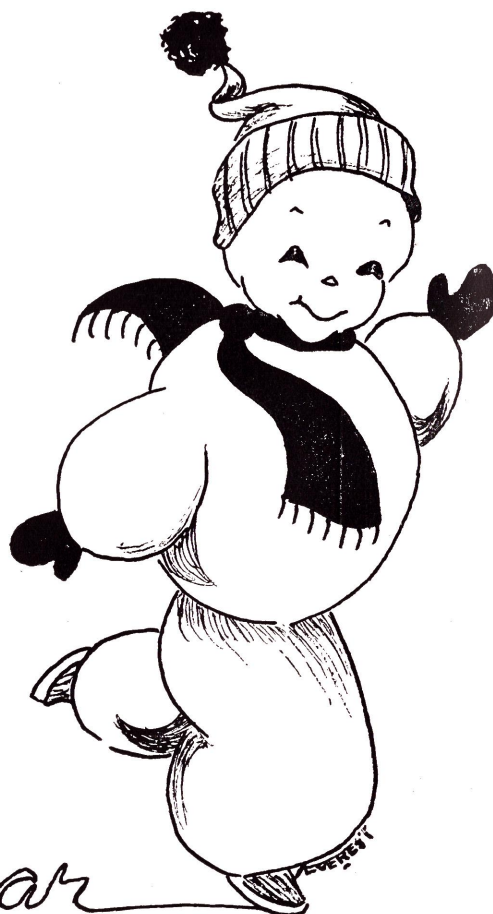


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Merry Christmas

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Happy New Year



From the EDITOR'S DESK

Peace On Earth

By Nancy Quirk '52

THE festival we call Christmas is here with us again. And, as it is in every year, Christmas will mean many things to many people.

To us at home the distractions of the season will have passed. The last frantic exhortation to do our Christmas shopping early, preferably in July, will have faded out on a blatant note. Cousin Peter's socks and Aunt Mary's handkerchiefs are safely wrapped.

In eastern Europe, amidst the devastation that is the aftermath of war, the cherishing of whatever small comforts of life are obtainable will have been accomplished to make a day less drab and dreary—at least for the children.

Farther to the East there will have been no preparation. The important men of those countries dare not tolerate an idea larger than they are. Were the happy subjects allowed a thought that peace and good will might be the essence of noble living on this earth, that thought might prove to be the spark which would light the conflagration that would destroy "the large men with the large ideas."

And on the snow capped mountains of Korea other young men of America, firm in their belief that Christ's philosophy must eventually prevail, will take renewed courage

and faith that another Christmas will find them with their loved ones.

For to each of us on Christmas Day, whether it be amidst our pleasures or distractions, the dreariness or horror that is our present lot in life, there will come once more a fond remembrance of the age-old story. Perhaps on Christmas Eve we shall hear again the lovely carols of our childhood. Perhaps, in reverent memory we shall hear again the glorious words of St. Luke:

And it came to pass . . . And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the fields, keeping watch over their flock by night. And, lo, the angel of the Lord . . . said unto them, Fear not: for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy . . . ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger . . . and on earth peace, good will to men.

And in those sacred moments we shall find our hearts lifted up and know again that kindness and decency and love of our fellow-man will never die.

The editor sends best wishes to the staff of THE STUDENT'S PEN and to the students and faculty members of PHS for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

The Everlasting Light

By Muriel Daniels '52

LITTLE white flakes fall from the gleaming heavens to the glistening ground below. It seems as though all the world was aglow and happy. Church bells ring, little children chatter gaily, and proud parents bustle about making final preparation for the most longed-for holiday of the year, Christmas.

But let us not forget that there are other people, here in America and in another land, who are celebrating a different holiday, a holiday that they call Chanukah. Let me tell you their story.

Many, many years ago when the Syrians under King Antiochus had invaded the Jewish homeland Jerusalem and had defiled their Temple of Solomon, the Jewish religion faced extermination. Antiochus tried to force the Jews to abandon their sacred religious practice and to compel them to worship idols. Some Jews yielded; many, however, refused, and suffered death as martyrs.

All seemed lost to the Jews, until in a little town called Modin, an old priest, Mattathias, with his five sons revolted against the King. He gathered the Hebrews together and led on into battle with the cry, "Whoever is on the side of God, follow me!" And so it came to pass that these once peaceful Jews put on their armor and became soldiers. They took up their weapons and became conquerors. They marched into battle and became victors.

The Jews, happy because of their victory, marched to the Temple only to find it in almost complete destruction, and the Everlasting Light just a feeble glow. Immediately they set to work rebuilding, cleaning, and trying desperately to make some oil for the light. But the latter part seemed all in vain. For it would take over a week to prepare some of this precious fluid and the light was now but a faint flicker. This is where a miracle happened, for that light lasted not only for a day, but for eight whole days and nights. The Hebrews

upon seeing this looked to the heavens and they knew that God was watching. They thanked Him because they realized then that the Everlasting Light would never go out.

This is the story called Chanukah. For eight days before the feast begins, if you were to look through a window of a Jewish home at dusk, you would see the mother lighting candles and saying a blessing over them, thanking God for His kindness. And if you were to look over at Dad's favorite chair you would probably find him talking to a group of wide-eyed youngsters telling them the wonderful story of Chanukah. And for my part, I say to you who celebrate Christmas, a very, very merry Christmas, and to my people who celebrate the miracle of the lights, a very, very happy Chanukah.



FIRST CHRISTMAS NIGHT

By Sara Morgan '53

'Twas a cold winter night
Many ages ago
When the ground was all white
With new-fallen snow.
In an old rambling stable
On the soft warm hay
With His mother nearby,
The holy Child lay.
At His feet knelt the wise men.
They had come from afar;
They had traveled all night
Being led by a star.
Shepherds were resting
On a hillside nearby
When angels appeared
From out of the sky.
They told of this child
And the star so bright.
We still tell this tale
Of the first Christmas night.

Once A Year

By Tish McCarty '52



M.E. Boland

THE old saying, 'Christmas comes but once a year', is true and I am beginning to thank my lucky stars that it is. I have never had so tight a schedule as now and just because all drippy girls feel they each have to give a party or do something. I think I'm on every committee there ever was," I complained to Ken between periods.

"You aren't telling me, Stitch," Ken replied. "Did that Ellen Fall corner you about caroling on Christmas Eve? Can't you just see me warbling to some old biddie past her seventies."

"Caroling? No, Ellen hasn't caught up with me yet and won't if I have anything to do with it."

"What do you mean, Stitch Stetson? You know you've been chasing her since the 'fall of Rome'."

"Oh! go back to your grave, boy. That was just kid stuff. I just wanted to give her a thrill. Who did she want you to go with anyhow?" I smirked.

"You know darn well that whole gang has been trying to get me to ask Lois out. Well, I'm not going to! That's all there is to it. And if you see any of them you can tell them

I said so!" Ken whispered loudly as we slithered in the back door of algebra class just as the bell rang.

Miss Benson looked hard at us, as if we should have guilty consciences, but proceeded to start the day's assignment without a remark. I sighed a sigh of relief. In the last week I had been late for classes three times and it wasn't going to be the regulation lecture if I went in late again. Automatically I pulled out paper after paper before at last finding my homework in the Latin translation page. By that time Miss Benson had turned to another page. As I leaned over to Claire to see the page number, a small white folded paper hit my desk and bounced on the floor. I picked it up, whereupon I forgot the page number. Knowing that Miss Benson had her eye on me, I tried hard to seem interested. I tried to find the page with one hand while I struggled vainly to open the note with the other.

"Put those other papers away and keep your eyes over here, Mr. Stetson," she growled.

I did. But it didn't help my curiosity any and I would have tried again had I the nerve. It was impossible to tell whom the note was from, since everyone had turned innocent very rapidly with Miss Benson's last threatening glance. Maybe it was from Ellen about the caroling expedition.

"Why must there be algebra when there is so much else to do?" I inwardly complained. I began thinking over the excuses I had prepared for two parties. They seemed plausible. I used one party as an excuse for the other and vice-versa, making sure that I just said I had been invited and not that I was going. Again I was immediately called back to reality by Miss Benson. "Mr. Stetson, your attention on your algebra now, or there will be an hour's detention after school."

Class was over after what seemed like hours. Hastily I gathered up books and papers and dashed to the gym to shoot baskets with Ken. Nothing more was said about the activities of Christmas Eve until Saturday afternoon the 23rd. Then we were helping the decorating committee for the dance that night.

"Hand up the pliers again, Stitch," Ken yelled down at me from the step-ladder. He was vainly trying to hang the heavy wreath over the gym door.

"It just won't work that way. Come down off your perch and let me do it before you fall."

"I think I've got it. Hold on a minute. There, that ought to hold!" he said, gingerly letting go and starting down the ladder.

Crash! went the wreath. I happened to be standing under it and it quite took me by surprise. As I lay sprawled out on the floor, I heard a feminine giggle behind the door. I shuddered and quickly attempted to resume my composed manner and begin to put together the pieces of wreath as if nothing had happened.

"My, don't we look in season, Stitch! Are you starting a new style, my lad? Might work, you can't tell," Ellen mused as she and Lois approached.

"What's your trouble?" I asked trying to seem unconcerned. Actually I didn't have the remotest idea what she was talking about.

"The mistletoe on your head—it's cute. I was just trying to figure out your motive. Here," she said, changing the subject and snatching the mistletoe, "we had trouble with that spray last year; it can't be so full. It will fall every time it's put up."

She pulled out two branches and tied it again. Then skilfully ascending the ladder, she hung the wreath in place. Without so much as a quiver of the ladder she descended, stood again beside me, and gazed about the decorated room.

"All it needs is people now, isn't it?" she said.

"Yuh," I murmured half heartedly.

"Well, I have to run! I've still got shopping to do before the stores close. I'll see you Christmas eve at seven-thirty," and she scurried out, beckoning to Lois, who was talking to Ken.

Ken and I donned our jackets and boots and left the gym.

"It looked good, didn't it? I sort of wish I were going, but it will be stupid—just like all the things girls put on!" Ken said as we slushed along the wet sidewalks.

"With just a bit more snow it will be beautiful powder for skiing," said I, ignoring his remarks. "I think we'll get a snowfall tonight and tomorrow. Let's get all the fellows to go up to the skiing area tomorrow night. It will be lighted and the tow will be running."

"But it will be Christmas Eve and everything. I've got packages to wrap and cards to send still," Ken protested.

"Do it tonight. I am. I haven't any reason to stay in two nights, especially when it's going to be Christmas Eve."

"O. K. I'll call up the gang and we'll meet there at the ski area at eight."

"Sounds good to me! See you then. Bye!" I said turning in the walk.

I had all my presents wrapped and was in bed early that night, feeling very self-satisfied. Then I started thinking over the past week's happenings. It wasn't until then that things started adding up. The note and the reminder for Sunday night at seven-thirty struck me like a bolt of lightning. They must have been connected. I jumped out of bed and dashed over to my desk, snapping on the light. I looked through the algebra book but couldn't find the white folded paper. No, it wasn't to be found.

"Where could it be?" I thought. Then it hit me. The Latin translation page was open and I probably stuck it in there. "I'll fix it all

up tomorrow," I yawned and leaping back under the warm bed covers, fell into a deep slumber.

As is typical of Master Stitch Stetson the night's complications didn't enter my head until supper, when Mother asked where I was going.

"Oh, my heavens, I forgot!" I gasped. "I'll have to stop off at the church and explain. I'll have time before going skiing if I hurry."

The church was empty except for the office where someone was on the phone. I peeked in just as the receiver was set back on the hook.

"Oh! there you are, Stitch. I was just calling your home, and your mother said you had left about ten minutes ago," Ellen said pushing me out the door.

"But—" I started.

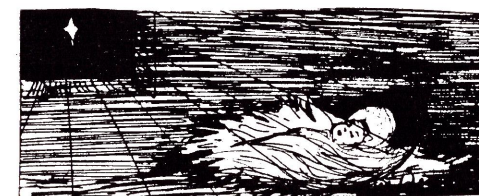
"The station wagon is around the corner here," she interrupted.

As we hurried out I couldn't help myself. She certainly did seem intoxicating. Her blonde waves were pushed back behind her red earmuffs and her eyes seemed to sparkle with Christmas joy. A slight snow fall had begun and a fringe of drops had formed on her shoulders. I seemed not to care about the fellows. "They'll not miss me and they'll understand, anyhow," I consoled myself.

"You'll honestly never know how much fun this is going to be! Bringing joy to other people is more exciting than any dance or party could possibly be!" She said smiling up at me.

I took her hand and squeezed it gently. We arrived at the car and climbed in. There in the back seat were Ken and Lois quite wrapped up in each other.

Ken leaned forward and whispered, "The fellows were busy. I guess you figured just as I did. Christmas comes once a year!" He sat back again. "We'd better hurry. The other cars have probably reached the first home already and we have the carol books!"



Christmas Thoughts

By Phyllis Martin '52

SLOWLY I sank into the Morris chair before the Christmas tree. My eyes seemed to grasp and hold the beauty of its graceful lines. Its boughs, with their fingers of green, were entwined with golden tinsel. The glass balls, hung with the greatest of care, were like large jewels reflecting shafts of color from the gleaming lights. Shining from the top, a white star seemed to spread its radiance on all the others below it. Strange, I thought, how the star recalls a scene which took place centuries ago on a night such as this.

A star, brilliantly casting its glory over all, shone both day and night to direct on the right road, three ancient wise men, who had heard of God's promised gift to man. The path which they followed was not an easy one, for it led them many miles through barren and dangerous lands. But this did not discourage them. They followed the star diligently, and at last beheld it, shining in its great glory over a small stable in Bethlehem. In this stable they found a babe wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in a crude manger. Here was the promised gift of God to man. They fell upon their knees and offered to Him, humbly, their gifts of gold, frankincense, and myrrh.

Suddenly as I mused, my thoughts were interrupted. The tiny lights on the Christmas tree were extinguished. But wait, not all, for the white light at the top still shone radiantly as if to tell me that the promise fulfilled that night so long ago will always have eternal life.

The Powder Blue Sweater

By Mary Walker '53

IN the days when I was a little girl, sweat-shirts and dungarees were my favorite apparel. Clothes just didn't interest me. Mother repeatedly told me that the day would come when I would never have enough clothes. Of course I laughed at her. Now that I am older and wiser, I have become clothes-conscious.

The latest object of my fancy was a powder-blue sweater. It was the most dreamy thing in all Pittsfield. I had had my heart set on it for months, but the price, five dollars, put it out of my range. For seven whole days I went without that extra bar of candy, and I saved the money I earned baby-sitting.

On the day of the sale, when the sweater had been marked down to three dollars, I had saved two.

After an hour's coaxing, Mother came to the rescue with the promise that if I would go on an errand for her, she would give me the needed dollar. The bargain was clinched, the errand done, and with my precious three dollars in my pocket, I floated up North Street. Soon I would own the adorable powder-blue sweater.

It was a cold autumn day, and as the wind ran its icy fingers through my hair and pinched me on the cheeks, I pulled my kerchief out of my pocket, and tied it over my head. Then I forgot the wind and everything else, as I reached the store and saw my sweater in the window.

"Oh, you darling! You'll soon be mine," I cried, and with a happy sigh I went into the store.

Reaching the counter, I told the salesgirl just what I wanted—"that heavenly blue sweater in the window." I put my hand in my pocket to get the money. But the money wasn't there!

It had to be there! I searched every corner of my pocket, and then the other pocket, and then my wallet. The money wasn't in any of these places. Oh, where was it? I couldn't have lost it because—well, I just couldn't have. Somehow I managed to tell the clerk I had changed my mind, and fighting back the tears that threatened to come, I left the store.

I tried to remember when I could have lost the money. It must have tumbled out of my pocket when I took out my kerchief.

Back I hurried, my eyes searching the sidewalk. But the money was not to be found.

The powder-blue sweater has become a dream again, but not for long, I hope. Mothers have the sweetest habit of giving their children presents, and Christmas is coming soon. Goodness knows, I've dropped enough hints.

WISE BIRD

By Kathleen Keegan '51

There was once a little turkey

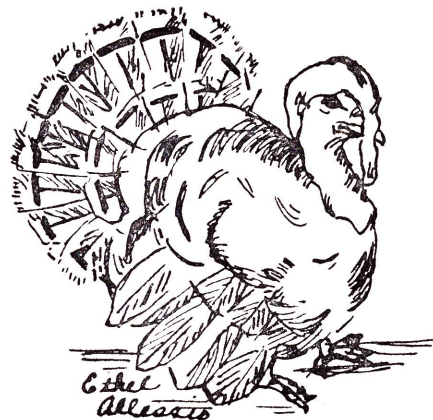
Who just gobbled, gobbled, gobbled,
And became so rolipoly

That he wobbled, wobbled, wobbled.

He grew so plump and eatable

That he thought it best to stray
From folks who had their eyes on him

As it neared Christmas Day.



The Weaker Sex Weakens

By Peter Rosenfeld '53

RECENTLY one of our agents, being a person with an extraordinarily detective mind, brought to THE STUDENT'S PEN office a very revealing note addressed to Mr. Leahy and found on the latter's desk. We relate it to you only because it may be a clue to Pittsfield High's greatest puzzle since the turn of the century. It read: "Mr. Leahy, please investigate the escape from your laboratories of gases, unknown to me, which may be affecting the mental capacities of some of our female students. Your immediate cooperation will be very greatly appreciated." It was signed by our principal, Mr. Strout.

Who blames Mr. Strout? What other explanation can there be for the acts of some of our brightest female students, who come to school with their books in shopping bags; wearing dark glasses on sunless days; embracing little dolls; wearing false teeth; displaying countless numbers of ribbons, both big and small, in the oddest places; carrying bibs and aprons around their necks? And why, one day, did some of these girls go so far as to declare the male sex "unspeakables", as we observed when we questioned a girl as to the meaning of the shopping bags, dark glasses, etc. Needless to add, no answer was received.

Our first attempt to find a clue to this perplexing riddle was to look in the Eagle, but by reading "Freckles and His Friends," we found that "twirp season" was still the same. So no clue there.

It was at this time that we discovered Mr. Strout's note to Mr. Leahy. Believing it to be a possible solution to our problem, we instinctively sought out an old psychologist friend who we thought might be able to give us an idea of the significance of the new styles. Our friend, a Mr. D., having never encountered a case of our sort before, was

willing to believe Mr. Strout's theory if only for the purpose of attaching some significance to the eccentricities. However, he preferred to stay neutral on the issue. After much thought, he observed that the girls wearing the bibs and aprons might have been taken back emotionally to the period when they were, as the expression goes, "tied to their mother's apron strings." The same, of course, would apply to the dolls, Mr. D.——— asserted. That the girls with the dark glasses might be pessimists, predicting a dark future, and the girls with their books in shopping bags looked forward to bleak careers as housewives (the picture being made bleak by the school books) were the only other interpretations our psychologist friend could offer in the limited time allotted for our interview. Before we left, however, we asked the question which had been bothering us so, why would these supposed gases affect females and not males?

He replied that his limited knowledge of gases prevented him from answering our question, but "perhaps we men are made of a stronger will-power".

So we are as confused as ever, and afraid that we may remain confused. Well, "c'est la vie."

To complete our investigation, we must report that we finally received an answer from the girl who previously would not speak to us. She had not quite recovered from the phenomenon's effects, for she suggested that the explanation to our mystery lies in the two word, "sorority initiation". As she obviously was trying to stress her feminine superiority by the use of big words, we didn't fall for that. For that was just another one of those things that took place during the notorious week when some of P.H.S.'s female students went—to put it literally—nuts.

The Christmas Party

By William Brazill '53

IS this a good spot, Jack?" asked Paul as he held a piece of holly over the door.

"It's perfect."

Thus assured, Paul removed a hammer from his pocket and nailed the holly securely.

"Now we're ready for the Christmas party tonight," exclaimed Jack.

"Pretty ingenious having only boys at this party," laughed Paul. "By the way, have you seen Eddie around? I have something to tell him."

"He said that he would be back in a little while. He went over to the school to get some more decorations," explained Jack as he tacked a small paper Santa Claus to the wall. "Well, I can't wait. There's nothing more for me to do here, so I might just as well go home and eat. When Eddie comes back, tell him that I'm bringing Marion Barker to the party tonight. He'll know what I mean."

These words were paralyzing to Jack. What did Paul mean? He knew that no one was allowed to bring a girl to the party. After all, if this was to be a stag party, it meant no girls. The door opened and Eddie walked in.

"Hi," he called. "I got some more decorations for the hall. It looks a little bare over in that corner, so I got a few reindeer to hang there."

"Yeah," growled Jack.

"Well, you don't seem very interested!" Eddie said, as he piled the boxes of decorations on the table. "But you'll have to finish the job. I've got to go home and get ready for the party. Say, has Paul left already?"

"Yes. He told me to tell you that he's taking Marion Barker to the party tonight," Jack replied.

"Swell," Eddie exclaimed. "Well, I'll see you later."

The door closed and Jack Fuller was left alone in the large room filled with laughing Santas and prancing reindeer. His face be-

came red with rage. He saw it now. Of course. Paul and Eddie were going to take girls to the party even though they weren't supposed to. Then they would have a laugh on him. He wasn't going to stand for that! If they were taking girls to the party, he was going to take a girl too. He marched over to the telephone, removed the receiver, and dialed a number.

"Hello. Kathy? This is Jack. How about coming to a Christmas party with me tonight? You will! Wonderful! I'll see you at 7.30. Thanks. Good-bye."

At 7.15 Jack entered the hall once more and saw Paul and Eddie. He immediately went over to them to show that he was not going to have the wool pulled over his eyes.

"Hello, fellows," he called merrily.

"Hi," they responded.

Jack looked around, and a sudden fear overtook him. He saw no girls.

"Where're your girls?" he asked.

"Girls aren't allowed at this party. You know that!" Paul answered.

"Yes, but you said that you were going to take a girl," Jack said breathlessly.

"I did? And when?" Paul asked.

"Why, just a little while ago you told me to tell Eddie that you were going to take Marion Barker to the party?" Jack explained.

"You mean you thought that Marion Barker was a girl that I was taking to the party?" Paul grinned.

"Pretty good," laughed Eddie. "Marion Barker is the name of a book that Paul borrowed from me a while ago, and he returned it tonight."

"Oh, no! But I thought that you were taking girls, so I called a girl and invited her to the party," moaned Jack.

"You'll have to take her to the Teen Age Party at the Eagle's hall; it costs only \$2.00 a person," laughed Paul.

First Buck

By Robert Prentiss '53

THE early morning sun shone down on Indian Arrowhead, a mountain peak in the Catskills. But only for an instant did it shine before it rolled behind the clouds again. The heavens grew darker and darker. Obviously a storm was approaching.

At the foot of the mountain were several tents that had been hastily rigged by a score of hunters. Rumor had it that there was a herd of deer in this neck of the woods, and hunters, both experienced and green, had come a-flying on their gas broncs quicker than the "forty-niners" in the gold rush days. The cars had been parked at the edge of the highway near the camps. The amateurs slammed car doors, talked loudly, smoked, and hung around camps, much to the disgust of the veterans, who with their rifles, had already strode silently into the forest in woodsman's fashion. Most of the amateurs, too chilled to follow their superiors, knelt before a roaring fire. They boasted of their hunting prowess and played cards.

Finally, after a few hours, the veterans came back to camp in ill humor and nary a sign of a deer. In spite of their own failure they teased the amateurs about their greenness until Jake Ambrose was finally aroused, though numb with cold, into leaving the tent and stalking his deer.

Hardly had Jake gone into the woods when the storm started. The hunters took refuge in the tents, for the storm would not permit their going to their cars and driving home. As they huddled in the tents, they thought of poor Jake out there in the cold.

Meanwhile, Jake, dressed in all the panoply of a department store hunter,—very loud and gaudy mackinaw, red hat, and armed with a shiny twenty-two,—was stumbling over rocks and fallen branches. The temperature had dropped and the wind was harsher and colder. Jake tried to find his way back to

camp, but in vain. He yelled for help, but his voice was carried away in the wind. The snowflakes that had come whirling down in a slow, silent dance, innumerable specks in the sky, were now lifted by the howling wind into an angry snowstorm. Helpless in the face of this tempest Jake leaned against an oak tree and prayed that the storm would abate. And sure enough, after an hour of whirling tumult, the sky cleared, the snow and wind ceased. Jake straightened up and brushed the snow from his mackinaw. Still uncertain of where he was, he walked a few feet looking for signs that might lead him back to camp.

"I reckon I'd better make a start," he thought. "I'm half-frozen! I didn't know hunting was as hard as this."

Little did he guess that a prize was near at hand.

Now, in every herd there's usually a buck who thinks the hunter won't see him. He stays where he is even when the herd moves on. Then, there's Mr. Smarty who just has to have a look at the hunter. Both kinds make good venison chops. But if such a buck ever presented himself before Jake, he probably would escape unharmed, for "our hero" had never shot a deer in his life. Therefore, what followed was just plain luck.

Mr. Smarty stuck a beautiful pair of antlers up from behind a bush; Jake, numb with cold, unsteadily raised his twenty-two, held it tightly, and fired. A moment of uncertainty elapsed. The smoke vanished, the deer was gone, and Jake lay flat on his back. He rose groggily, and peeped cautiously over the bush. The buck was not there.

Grumbling disgustedly, Jake started again for camp. The snow was slippery and walking was difficult. Suddenly, Jake spied the buck running, but it offered a poor shot. Hard in pursuit Jake followed, bumping into

trees and stumbling over snow-covered rocks. The buck leaped over a small rivulet. Jake, following fast, missed his footing and fell in. Luckily, the gun escaped the wetting.

Jake's immersion proved the proverbial last straw. Without further effort, he trudged back to camp only to be greeted by cries of derision from his comrades. Jake could not understand their laughter. Bruised and wet as he was, he was angry at this hilarious reception. He did not see Mr. Smarty, king of the woods, his head high in the air, parading a few yards behind him.

As his pals pointed, Jake turned in time to see the buck bound over the ground, kicking his legs up in the air.

Disgusted, Jake threw his twenty-two to the ground and bellowed, "I'm through with hunting!"

Just at the moment the gun left his hand, Jake unintentionally pulled the trigger. There was a loud crack. The proud buck halted, stiffened, and fell prone into a small ditch. Jake had shot his first deer!



THE TIMELESS TALE

By Kathleen McMahon '54

The tinkle of sleigh bells in a country lane,
The shining tree, resplendent and vain,
The falling snow covering the earth,
The Yuletide log on a blazing hearth,

The singing of carols, so merry and bright,
The Christmas Star on a cold winter's night,
The prayers of the people, their song and their mirth,
Recollect anew, the Christ Child's birth.

A Christmas Scene

By Kathleen McMahon '54

IT is three days before Christmas. The snow is falling. Ever so softly it blankets the earth in a quilt of purest down. In the country, the woods and lanes are silent save for the occasional rustle of a pheasant's wing or the raucous call of a bluejay. But in the city, the scene is entirely different. Here we find bustling throngs of late shoppers laden with gaily decorated and mysteriously shaped parcels. All about, the spirit of good will, so necessary to Christmas, prevails.

Let us enter a large department store. Look at the faces of the people. For an all too brief moment, they have forgotten the strife and war so prevalent in our modern times. Instead, with sparkling eyes and gay smiles, they are spending the money for which they toiled so long and hard to bring joy to someone else.

Let's go back on the street again.

Listen! There's the merry jingle of sleigh bells. And down the street comes a battered old sleigh, laden with laughing young people, obviously enjoying themselves. With radiant eyes and beaming faces, they sing carols, familiar to us all; gay carols, sad carols, carols full of the eternal hope given us by the Christ Child.

Is it true that the world must blow itself to the heavens? Can't we keep the Christmas spirit alive throughout the year? If everyone tried his best to keep in his heart the year round the trust in God and sympathy for others which he knows at Christmas, wouldn't this be a better world in which to live?

SANTA CLAUS

By Kathleen Keegan '51

He's all in red from head to toes;
He has a little cherry nose;
His long thick beard is snowy white;
To see him, 'tis a jolly sight;
He comes back each December.
He's Santa Claus, remember?

:: :: Poetry :: ::



CHRISTMAS

By Sara Morgan '53

Church bells are ringing, and somewhere nearby
Children are singing, their eyes to the sky.
The housetops and chimneys are covered with snow,
The bright moon smiles down on the earth far below.
Happy young faces peer out from each door,
The world is at peace;
It's Christmas once more.

WHERE'S AUTUMN?

By Janet Lewis '52

Tell me what happened to Autumn,
She was here only yesterday.
But the trees right now are drab and bare;
Their leaves have flown away.
What has happened to Autumn?
Ah, stranger! Don't you know?
She hurries off to Fall Land,
At the first cold trace of snow.

WINTER

By Marilyn Case '53

Sleigh bells ring,
Carolers sing,
All is merry and gay.
Skiers go
Over the snow
On a winter day.
Skaters glide
And slip and slide,
Having fun together;
The wind blows
But out we go
In any kind of weather.
All desire
To sit by a fire
On a winter night.
Half froze
It's fun to doze
By a candle light.



A RIDDLE

By Janet Lewis '52

My first is in ice but not in snow.
My second's in happiness not in woe.
My third is in ribbon but not in bow.
My fourth is in girl yet not in boy.
My fifth's found in singing but not in joy.
My sixth is in present and also in toy.
My seventh's in December but not in June.
My eighth is in star though not in moon.
My ninth is in song but not in tune.
My whole is something that brings good cheer.
'Tis one of the happiest times of the year.
You'll find many hints in the verses here.

Twirp Season Is Over

By Robert Prentiss

DURING the past month that lively young gentleman about town has become more sober and serious. He has begun to dig into his pocket for that "green stuff" and has become embarrassed time after time, when his pockets have proved to be as bare as Mother Hubbard's cupboard. He especially feels the pinch of poverty when that cute blonde has just ordered a second chocolate malted.

"What's happened?" the young ladies ask when their beaux become stingy with their money.

After much thought, I have decided to make public the disaster that has fallen upon us men. It is that twirp season, the season when the woman pays, is over. Twirp season gives the men a chance to fatten their wallets with ready cash for a rainy day. But too many of us "gents", taking advantage of the lady's easy money, became impetuous and gave up our jobs. Now that twirp season is over, we have to guard every penny with our lives. We can no longer order a soda at the expense of her purse, for she has now regained her post as spender of the "lettuce."

Oh, money, just a measly piece of paper, yet without it one is powerless. We men see doom written in our future because of it. Many of us have gone to consult Madam Olglethorpe, the fortune teller. She has said, "Beware, men; clutch your money like misers, for once some wisp of a girl catches your eye, the dollars will be slipping through your fingers like eels."

She has also said, "My fee is one dollar apiece," as she reaches for the dough.

While strolling through Park Square, I have come across many stricken lads sitting on park benches and wringing their hands hopelessly. Each night they sit there, plotting in their minds schemes to get rich quick. Having taken a course in mind-reading at two dollars a lesson, (more money down the gut-

ter), I can read the minds of these benchwarmers. One wants to make snowballs and sell them on the Fourth of July; that is, if they last until then. Another is thinking up a slogan for "Why I like Whispering Beauty Cream," in a nation-wide \$150,000 contest. If these schemes should fail, they'll probably long for a pistol to end it all.

However, the after-effects of twirp season soon fade, and these lads soon come to their senses and start trudging through the streets looking for work. Each night, they rub their aching feet with Dr. Quack's Cure-All (only a dollar and a half a bottle). The boys begin to take heart and brace themselves, for they know there are only three hundred more days to next twirp season.

WHICH IS WORSE?

By Mary Walker '53

Monday night, I turn the dial
To hear my favorite singer,
But I am just in time to hear:
"Band-aids for that cut finger."
Tuesday night is just the same—
I turn on Tiny Tim.
A sour chorus greets me—
"Dishpan hands? Use Glim."
Wednesday night I fool 'em,
I wait 'til seven-fifteen.
The music is all over—
"Use Reduco to get lean."
Thursday night I sigh with joy,
The Amateur Hour is on.
"We're having trouble with our station
So we'll have to listen to John."
Friday night has come at last—
Now Perry Como sings.
Static, static, static!
"Turn off the darned old thing."
Saturday night our T.V. arrives,
Now it starts all over.
We tune in on Arthur Godfrey—
"The best dog food is Rover."

Deceived

By Marilyn Case '53

IT was exactly one week before Christmas. Everybody distrusted each other. The air was filled with suspicion and curiosity, and so was I. Now this is the reason why. Yesterday, at exactly four o'clock, my mother came trudging home with a box as big as—well, anyway, it was very big and when she disappeared for a while I had a sneaking suspicion that it was for me, because I am the only one who peeks at my presents before Christmas and, therefore, they are always hidden from me. And so on this afternoon, when I should have been doing my homework, I set about to discover the hiding place of that particular box. I tiptoed to the corner of the living room and peeped around. It was empty so I cautiously proceeded to the closet door. Gripping the knob I slowly began to open it when—creek! "That darn door," I muttered, "why doesn't somebody—" and then I remembered that some weeks ago Mother had asked me to oil the hinges. Of course it was too late for that then, so I only hoped that no one heard it. Farther and farther I opened it and when it was wide open I searched its contents. There were little boxes, middle-sized ones, but as far as I could see there were no big ones. Alas! Filled with despair I went to search the attic. Among the cobwebs and dust I searched that attic for one hour. Under the eaves, in old drawers, everywhere I could possibly think of I looked, but I still couldn't find that big box. I was beginning to think that my mother was pretty smart after all. When supper came I mentioned something about a big box, but, funny thing, nobody seemed to know a thing about it. So this turned out to be one Christmas that I had to wait until the twenty-fifth to open my gifts.

When Christmas morning finally did come I was the first one up. I just had to find out what was in that big box. I knelt by the Christmas tree, found my pile, and began

digging and it didn't take me long to realize that there was no big box. When the rest of my wonderful family came down I questioned my mother about the big box I saw her coming home with. "Oh, that!" she said very disinterestedly, "I had so many packages that day that I asked the girl for a big box to put them all in." But I could see the twinkle in her eye!

ALUMNI NOTES

Marilyn Thompson, '50 is enrolled in the Bouve School of Physical Education, which is a part of Tufts College in Boston.

Robert Roe, '50, is a freshman at Holy Cross College in Worcester.

Elizabeth "Penny" Hapgood, '50, has entered the freshman class at Hood College in Frederick, Maryland. Other P. H. S. who are students there are Emma Jones, '48, a junior, and Margaret Brown, '49, a sophomore.

Verne Goodwin, '49, has been elected president of the sophomore class at Middlebury College. He also is secretary of the Men's Undergraduate Association there.

Marcia Angelo, '50, is a freshman at Wells College, Aurora, New York.

Entered in the freshman class at Williams College are Walter Weeks and Malcolm Kane, both of the class of 1950.

Lorita Martinelli, '50, who was a cheerleader and winner of the Maplewood Institute Essay award, and Sheila McNeice, '50, are enrolled in Becker Junior College.

James McGill, '49, is at Annapolis Academy, the naval training school at Annapolis, Maryland.

Graduates of 1950 who are taking the three year nurses' training course at St. Luke's Hospital are Ruth Thompson, Judith Milne, Rita Biron, Dolores Carnute, Ida Van Buren, Hannah Best, Eleanor Kirchner, Elaine Drake, and Loretta Dorgan.

CAREER CORNER



MR. ROBERT G. NEWMAN

Dear Mrs. Athenaeum:

For sometime I have been writing to you, trying to get you to send in your renewal to *Better Homes and Gardens*. If it is possible, send in your renewal directly.

Sincerely,

Secretary

Did you believe such a mistake could be made regarding our Berkshire Athenaeum? Mr. Robert G. Newman, librarian of the Berkshire Athenaeum, has an extensive collection of these amusing misspellings and misunderstandings. A letter found in this collection was addressed to "Mr. Berkshire Atherson and Mseum," requesting him to spend the summer at camp. Another was addressed to "Mr. Berkshire Athenaeum, Bank Roll."

Mr. Newman was managing editor of the "Jack O'Lantern," the humor magazine at Dartmouth College, from which he obtained a Bachelor of Arts degree. Always interested in books, he made his choice of career during his years at college. After his graduation Mr. Newman entered Harvard University, on a John Harvard scholarship, to

obtain a Master's degree. With a desire for more education, he earned a Bachelor of Science degree from the Columbia School of Library Service.

Returning to Pittsfield in 1935, he began work at the Berkshire Athenaeum. In 1939 he was appointed to the position of executive assistant to the librarian and worked at the Pittsfield High School branch. Mr. Newman's promotion to head librarian was delayed until after his return from four years service in the Army in World War II. He was commissioned as a captain, Chief of Military Personnel at Camp Edwards.

Since Mr. Newman has been at the Berkshire Athenaeum, the program has been widely expanded. You probably do not realize that so much can be accomplished between eight o'clock and five. There is the bookmobile that brings the library to outlying towns of Berkshire County, and the school library, which is connected with the school department. Free library service, which includes the newly installed ceiling projector, is given to all the hospitals and the Crippled Children's Home. For music lovers there is a circulating phonograph collection.

Mr. Newman is respected among other librarians and in the community. He has been asked to write articles for professional library publications as well as to speak to many community groups.

This congenial young man, not entirely wrapped up in his work, belongs to many clubs. Hold your hats, for here they come: The Dartmouth Club of Berkshire County; Harvard Club of Berkshire County; Reserve Officers' Club; American Legion; Monday Evening Literary Club; Rotary Club; the American, New England, Massachusetts Library Associations. An outstanding citizen, he is president of the Western Massachusetts Library Association. Mr.

Newman is interested in many outdoor activities and spends his summer months at Camp Merrill. Rounding out his cosmopolitan life, he has traveled to England, France, Belgium, Italy, Holland, and Germany.

Yes, Mr. Newman has time to relax. He likes to read and also participates in the

radio program, "Your Library on the Air," at seven o'clock every other Saturday on W.B.E.C.

So that you future librarians wouldn't become too discouraged, Mr. Newman gives this little piece of advice: "It is an enjoyable profession, and anyone who likes books would find library work a satisfying life-time occupation."

School Subjects and Jobs

WHY do I have to take that subject?"

Often you have heard this question asked. You yourself have probably asked why you have to take English when you want to be a nurse; or why you are required to take mathematics when you desire to major in languages. Perhaps these "required" subjects have nothing in direct relationship to the field that you plan to enter. We're going to point out to you that all your required high school subjects are either directly necessary or definitely useful in your day-to-day life.

As long as you study in the United States, English will be required. In every occupation it will be necessary for you to be able to speak, read, and write good English. The study of any type of mathematics will better enable you to use your powers of reasoning. Besides, every home and business depend upon successful solutions of practical arithmetic problems.

To be a good citizen and an intelligent voter, a knowledge of the country's background and operation of its government is needed. That is where the social studies come in.

To be able to understand what the newspapers are talking about when they refer to a new scientific discovery, you will have to have the ability to understand the principles of natural science.

All these are fundamental subjects. It is from them that you branch into your field of

specialization. But it is good to remember that learning does not stop when you get your high school diploma. If you do not go on to an institution of higher learning, you should be able, in other ways, to gain more and more general knowledge as time goes on. Things are always happening, about which you have not previously learned. Therefore, you will need to know how to make the best use of any reference material that may be available to you. So, even though it is not required, it is a good idea to use to the fullest extent the school library and other references.

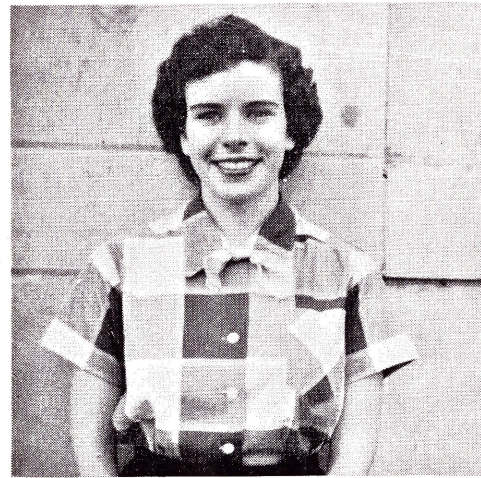
Perhaps another of these fundamentals that won't appear on any "required" lists will be the very important ability to get along with other people. Businessmen say that this asset can be the difference between success and failure.

COLLEGE BOARDS

By the time you read this article, one of the College Board examinations will have been given. There still remain, however, four more times when these tests will be administered. The dates: January 13, March 10, May 19 and August 15.

It is to the advantage of any student applying for college to meet the college representatives who visit the high school, since the personal interview is also considered in granting admission to college. Notices of the visits are usually found on the high school daily bulletin.

WHO'S WHO



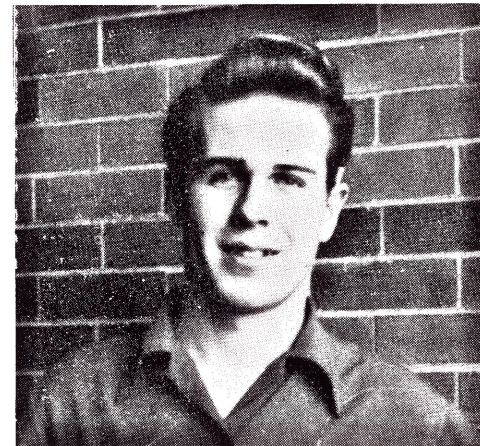
"JUDY"

Students, meet a peppy senior, to say nothing of a peppy cheerleader—Judy Case. Despite the fact that "Judy" is kept quite busy cheering the boys to victory, she is also a member of the Student Council and chaplain of Gamma Tri-Hi-Y. Her hobby is collecting decorations from dances, newspaper clippings, etc., and making them into a scrapbook. Dancing, along with roller-skating and swimming, are Judy's favorite pastimes, so you can see that she is quite athletic. Other favorites of "Judy's" are typing and home-making for school subjects; "Gee Whiz!", for a saying; spaghetti and pumpkin pie for foods; and a certain left end on the football team, for an extra-curricular activity.

"RONNIE"

Step up and meet this friendly senior, "Ronnie" Allen. He has been a member of the band for three years, was vice-president of his class and room representative in his junior year. Today, he is president of the Student Council.

"Shirley" you have seen "Ronnie" tinkering around motorcycles, one of his hobbies, but his favorite pastimes include going out and enjoying the "Snow" and dancing. Basketball, hockey (he has been on the team for two years), loud ties, "Sentimental Me" and popular music are also tops with "Ronnie", who has no pet peeves.



SENIOR CLASS TREASURER

Here is one of the most popular and most active students in P. H. S.—Shirley-Ann Denno. Shirley-Ann is president of Alpha Tri-Hi-Y, treasurer of the Senior Class, a member of the band, the orchestra, and the School Notes Department of THE STUDENT'S PEN. Last year she was warden-chaplain of Alpha, and Junior Class treasurer. Dancing and skiing top Shirley-Ann's list of favorites, with baseball and the Red Sox a close second.

Shirley-Ann has no definite plans for the future, but, knowing her as we do, we readily forecast success for our popular class treasurer.

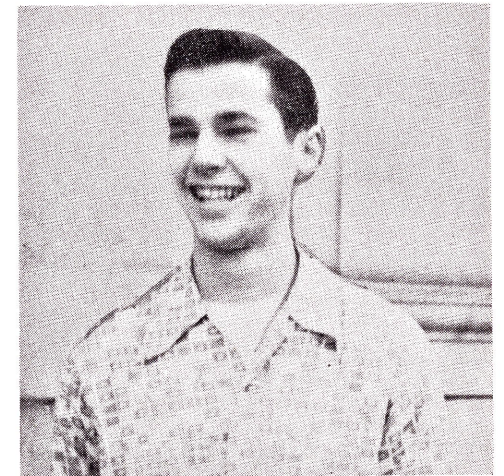
December, 1950

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CO-CAPTAIN ELECT

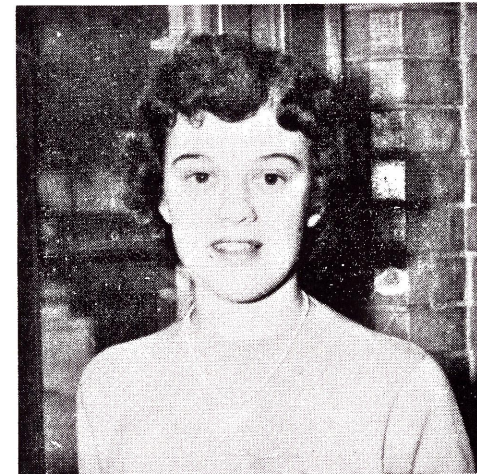
Here's Leo Gilson, co-captain elect of the football team of "51". We all know he is quite capable of doing his job well. The team lost a good man when Leo was injured during the recent Drury game, but we can look forward to seeing him on the field once again next season.

Leo lists steak as his favorite food, and Notre Dame as the best football team. The Boston Red Sox are also tops with Leo. His ambition is to be a member of an undefeated P. H. S. football team in his senior year. After graduation, he hopes to attend college. Let's wish Leo lots of luck for his future years.



CHAIRMAN, PAT FARRELL

The very active and attractive miss you see here is Pat Farrell. A member of the cheerleading squad for two years, she is also very much interested in dancing and sports, especially swimming. She is also an ardent Red Sox fan. Her likes are many; her dislikes few. Heading the list of likes are French Fries and steak, while her pet peeve is a ringing alarm clock. Besides cheerleading, Pat is a member of Beta Tri-Hi-Y, the Student Council, and chairman of the Senior Ring Committee. On the subject of boys, Pat says all are O.K., but there is one in particular. Her plans for the future are to attend a State Teachers' College.



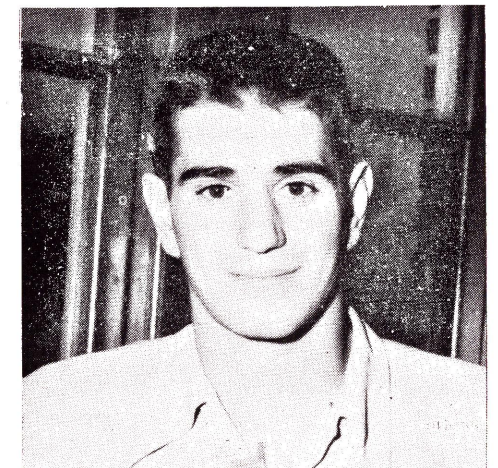
A SPARKLING SOPHOMORE

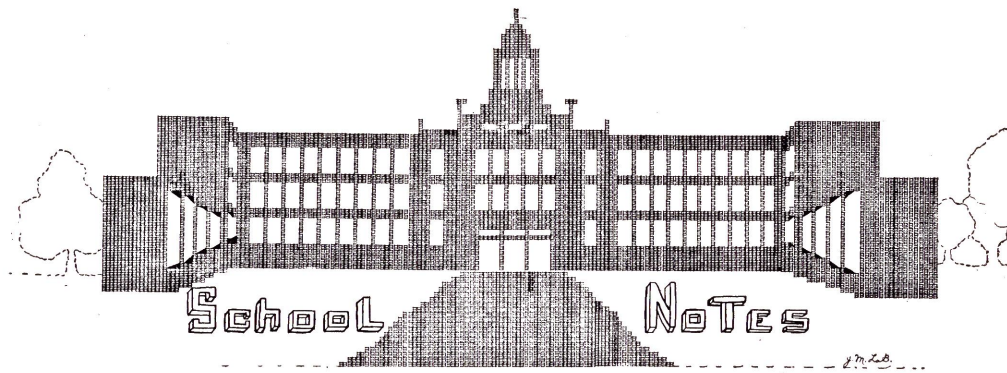
Everyone must be acquainted with this young sophomore, Chuck Garivaltis. Chuck has played a terrific game of football these last two years, and we are sure he will continue to do so. Chuck also is on the baseball and basketball teams.

Chuck says his favorite pastime is participating in all sports. He claims his favorite baseball teams are the Dodgers and the Red Sox.

When it comes to girls he's impartial. His favorite food is steak. Who blames him?

School? Well, study is his favorite subject with Mr. Jacoby and Mr. Gage.





Irma Bosma, Editor

Helen Madden, Shirley Ann Denno, Patricia Smith, Jean Sutton, Janet Hodecker, Peggy Navin, Paula Coughlin, Judy Feder, Gael Donoghue, Laura Dennis, Betty Jasper, Barbara Erickson, James Renzi.

TECHNICAL

The School Committee has purchased a General Electric switchboard for the high school technical laboratory. Of the latest make, it provides safety for the pupils. It can handle both direct and alternating current, and was designed to resemble industrial equipment. The boys in the laboratory class are now building the other apparatus to be used with the switchboard.

Bill Buchanan has been appointed chairman of the Technical Radio Club. At present, the boys in the club are building equipment for a future amateur radio station.

Two new tool and instrument rooms, designed by high school students, have been added to the technical electrical laboratory.

In a report issued by the Technical Department of Pittsfield High, two-thirds of the technical graduates of June 1950 were shown to be in the upper half of the graduating class. All who applied for admission to college were accepted, with twenty-one acceptances from Clarkson, Cornell, Northeastern, Ohio State, Rensselaer Polytechnic, Rice Institute, Worcester Polytechnic, and the University of Massachusetts.

An alumni association has been organized by the graduating Technical seniors of June 1950 with Charles Alessio as president and Donald Agar as secretary. The object of this

organization is to provide an opportunity for social meetings, but principally to organize constructive criticism of the technical course based on the boys' experience after graduation. For the first meeting a dinner has been planned during Christmas vacation.

THE STUDENT COUNCIL ELECTIONS

On October 20 the homeroom representatives met in the auditorium to nominate representatives to the Student Council. These nominees were later voted upon by the members of their respective classes with these results—seniors: Ronald Allen, John Ferguson, James Richmany, James Garivaltis, Robert Reagan, Judy Case, Patricia Farrell, Janet Hodecker, Betty Jasper, and Ruth Ann Pharmer; juniors: John Brennan, Leo Gilson, Elio Morris, Betty Budrow, Mary Lou Moser, and Joan Stumpek; sophomores: Collins Pomeroy, John Thompson, Carolyn Gilbert, and Carole Stutz; freshmen: Harry Vincent and Carol Anderson.

The election of officers was held on November 17. The following officers were elected: president, Ronald Allen; vice-president, Judith Case; secretary, Mary Lou Moser; assistant secretary, Carolyn Gilbert.



MR. ROBERT EDWARDS

MEET THE FACULTY

Pittsfield High, meet Mr. Robert Edwards, a new teacher in the Language Department—and a very nice one. Mr. Edwards, a graduate of Worcester High School and Clark University, teaches French and German. At Clark University, he majored in the Romance languages to attain his B.A. degree in 1940. Two years later, in 1942, while teaching in Worcester High School, he received his M.A. degree from the same college. For this degree he majored in Psychology and Education. Mr. Edwards also taught at Russell Sage College.

Mr. Edwards' hobbies are hiking and geology. His favorite sport is basketball, and he is another Red Sox fan.

Mr. Edwards thinks P. H. S. is an "especially fine school with excellent school spirit among the student body and a fine faculty to be associated with." To any student in P. H. S. who aspires to the teaching profession, he gives this advice:

"If you like a subject and you think you would enjoy helping others like it as you do, then consider teaching. Know your subject well, but equally important to remember is that the people you teach are as important a factor as what you teach. In other words, be

enthusiastic about your subject, about your classes as a group or/and as individuals."

We are delighted to have you with us, Mr. Edwards, and wish to thank you for your advice, which we feel comes from a sincere teacher.

MINUTE INTERVIEWS

What would you like to find in your Christmas stocking?

BARBARA DAWLEY—a "Tommy" hawk.

PATRICIA FARRELL—a copy of the song "Roe"min' in the Gloamin'.

DICK SCARAFONI—a "model" T for the Prom.

JUDY CASE—an "Al"ligator bag.

JOHN O'BRIEN—a shiny red Cadillac would do!

BETTY BUDROW—a "Dick"tionary.

MARY LOU MOSER—a pound of o"Leo".

BUD DONNELLY—a "doll."

JANET PEPOWSKI—a "Willy" lamb.

CAROLINE GILBERT—the answer to the song, "The Thing."

IRMA BOSMA—a big hole.

TONY ROSS—I'm a no' gonna say.

SALLY REAGAN—a "Fair" mark in French.

MADLINE CANTARELLA—a recording of the "John"son Rag.

ROSIE IORIO—an "Al"mond candy bar.

JOHN EBERWEIN—the same thing that any broad-minded guy might like.

BARBARA SEARS—a "Don"ation for the future.

SYLVIA HOCTOR—a wood"Chuck".

ROE REAGAN—"Patricia"—the song, of course.

THE CAMERA CLUB

The Camera Club got off to a fine start with a successful first meeting by electing the following officers:—president, Lee Diefendorf; vice-president, Richard Cowran; and treasurer, Vincent Ruperto. The club meets every Wednesday evening in room 316 at P. H. S. from 7 until 9.

FACULTY RETIREMENTS

In June of 1950, Miss Rachel Morse, Miss Catherine Kennedy, and Miss Catherine Baker retired from the faculty of Pittsfield High School. Miss Morse was head of the Social Studies Department and for many years took an active part in student-counseling and acted as adviser to many classes.

Miss Kennedy, an instructor in French, really brought France to the classroom. This she was well equipped to do because of her vast knowledge of the country.

Miss Baker, teacher of geography, seemed to have the ability to make the students think that they were really in the countries about which they studied.

These three teachers, so long a part of Pittsfield High itself, will be missed by students and other faculty members. Their vital interest in the youth of Pittsfield will cause students to remember them for a long time.

THE OASIS

The Oasis opened November 18 for its eighth year under a new governing body. In place of the Oasis Council, the Hi-Y Tri-Hi-Y Cabinet is handling the business of the regular Saturday night dances. This Cabinet consists of the president and two members of each of the six Tri-Hi-Y clubs and the Hi-Y club. It also handles other business at the Y. Recently elected officers are president, Leo Gilson; vice-president, Barbara Fox; secretary, Shirley Snow; and treasurer, Dick Scarafoni.

The dances are being held in the large room and two adjoining rooms upstairs at the Y. Parts of the downstairs are also available. As usual, supervision and other duties rotate among all the clubs. Refreshments can be bought. Boys no longer have to wear ties, but are asked to wear sportjackets. The Cabinet is open to any suggestions.

VOCATIONAL NEWS

The boys in the Cabinet Making shop, under Mr. Driscoll, are working on projects for the new elementary schools. A few of these are three cash register tables, three record cabinets, and three sand boxes. The blueprints for these were made by the Drafting Department. Sheet metal shop is making containers for bottled gas, which is going to be used in the new schools.

The general vocational boys have organized a football team, coached by Mr. Edward Stanley. They are a very promising team and are scheduled to play in the junior high school all-star game.

Machine shop has traded a milling machine for a shaper. The canopies over the two shops in back of the school have been painted.

Mr. Robert Weidenhoft and Mr. James Gibbons are two new General Vocational teachers just sent here this September to replace the teachers that have been promoted to other positions.

Mr. Weidenhoft attended Oswego State Teachers College in Oswego, New York, for two years and also two years in the Mohawk College in Utica, New York. He worked at the Arma Engineering Corporation in Brooklyn. He now teaches shop work to the General Vocational students at Read School.

Mr. Robert Weidenhoft, a handball fan, has interests such as swimming, and sailing, probably due to the fact that he spent three years in the U. S. Navy.

Mr. Gibbons, who also teaches shop work at Read, attended Fitchburg State College and there received a Bachelor of Arts degree. From there he entered Columbia University and obtained a Master of Science degree. His favorite sports are hunting and fishing. He also enjoys football and basketball. Mr. Gibbons served over three years in the U. S. Coast Guard and did practice teaching at Fitchburg and Leominster, Mass.

We sincerely hope that these teachers find it pleasant teaching here.



SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS

Sitting—Ruth Ann Pharmer, Robert Reagan, James Richmany
Standing—Shirley Ann Denno, Betty Jasper

SENIOR CLASS ELECTION

Students, did you notice the several doo-dads carried about by the seniors recently? Once again the time had come for elections, which were very colorful this year. Chocolates, gum, spoons, bookmarks, posters, and even ice cream cups (candy, of course)—all played active parts in our recent Senior Class election. Many names of boys and girls were submitted for office, and each candidate had his own particular trinket in return for a vote. But we must not forget that in this election, as in all others, only one may win in each office—sad, but true. Here are the results: president, Robert Reagan; boy vice-president, James Richmany; girl vice-president, Ruth Ann Pharmer; secretary, Betty Jasper; and treasurer, Shirley Denno. Congratulations, officers.

SENIOR CLASS NOTES

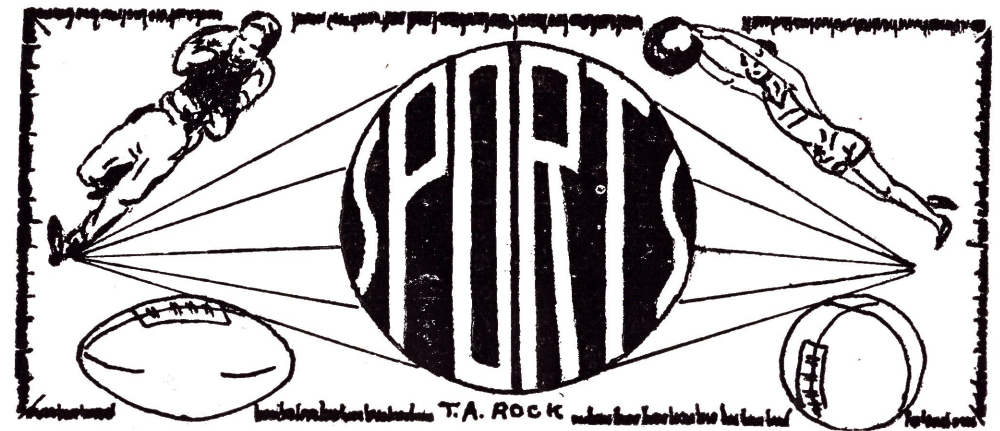
Already the seniors have some of their activities well under way. Most of them are now proud owners of class rings. Perhaps you have seen them flaunting these beautiful treasures around the school.

The Senior Class Council has chosen a number of committee chairmen. They are as follows: Judith Cook, pictures; Dempsey Morris, good will; Anthony Ross, the Christmas program; Eleanor Vogt, year book editor; John O'Brien, business manager for the year book.

Unfortunately, the Senior Class will not be able to have an operetta this year. The class council is to decide at a future meeting what will take its place.

PITTSFIELD HIGH FOOTBALL TEAM

First Row: Lincoln, Root, Snook, Mayes, Russell, Nugai, Viani, D. Reid, D. Angelis, Sottung, Jackacky.
 Second Row: Keenle, Kryznoski, Whalen, Cohen, Wilde, Nykorchuk, Rock, J. Garivaltis, Heidel, Morris, Adornetto, Brennan.
 Third Row: McNamara, Mullett, Ouellette, Orzolek, Patrick, Fiorini, Varanka, Cassidy, C. Garivaltis, F. Reid, Elworthy, Johnson, Dapson.
 Fourth Row: Rufo, Wuirnie, Green, Greenleaf, Gilarde, Goggins, Elwell, Bazzano, Thompson, Campbell, Babilis, Welch, Henault.
 Fifth Row: Assistant Managers Weatherwax and Shaeffer; Competes, Gaylord and Talerico; Co-managers, Putnam and Hould.
 Sixth Row: Coach Fox, Coach Kowalski, Dr. Wood, Coach Bianchi, Gilson, Coach Hickey.

P. H. S. DROPS FIFTH STRAIGHT,
26-20

Pittsfield High, outscored but by no means outfought, dropped its fifth consecutive game of the current football season, 26-20, to a highly favored Drury High School eleven.

The Drury squad struck for two touchdowns in the initial period. Taking over on their own forty-yard line, they advanced the remaining sixty in nine plays as Dick Bush scored from the two on a quarterback sneak. A few minutes later, tackle Charles Crowley jumped on a fumble at the Pittsfield forty-one. Back Ronnie Bullett fired a long pass to Pete Foote for the second tally. Both of the attempted conversions were blocked and the score stood 12-0.

Midway in the second period Pittsfield cashed in on a break and broke the scoring ice. A fifteen-yard penalty having set Drury far back in its own territory, Captain Tony Nugai pounced on a fumble on the two-yard line. Coach Johnny Del Negro's boys staged a fine defensive stand as they held Pittsfield for three downs, but Mickey DiAngelis, Pittsfield's passing sensation, pitched to Kenny Wilde in the end zone for the score. Lou Kryznowski pulled in another DiAngelis pass for the extra point.

The North Adams boys again drove steadily goalward with back Dick Lawton plow-

ing across from the one. Al Roy converted, making the score, 19-7.

As the second half began, back Norman Truehart left the astonished spectators breathless as he grabbed the kick off and sprinted eighty-eight yards to pay dirt with hardly a hand being laid on him.

The Purple, gamely fighting back, were not through yet. DiAngelis electrified the Pittsfield cheering section as he hit end Alan Cassidy with a pass on the Drury thirty. Cassidy raced the remaining distance for the touchdown.

A few plays later Pittsfield again got a break as Kryznowski recovered another fumble on the Drury thirty-seven. The Purple again scored as DiAngelis pegged to Johnny Fiorini for a gain of eighteen yards and the final touchdown of the evening. Drury staved off several final quarter threats to protect their slim lead.

DiAngelis again looked brilliant, even in a losing cause. His passing and punting were superb, and his ability as a field general is well above average.

This loss, however, was more costly than all the rest combined, for Leo Gilson, who has played outstanding ball at end despite an injured hand, was removed from the game in the final period with a fracture-dislocation of the right elbow. Guard Ed Cohen suffered a broken ankle.

P. H. S. SUBDUED BY CATHEDRAL 19-7

The Pittsfield High football team went down to its sixth defeat on October 25 by losing to Cathedral High School by a score of 19 to 7. The game, played at Pyncheon Park, marked the fourth game in which the Pittsfield team scored the first touchdown but was held scoreless for the remainder of the game.

Pittsfield marched 75 yards from the opening kick-off to the Cathedral 10-yard line. Here, Mickey DiAngelis, Pittsfield's fine quarterback, pegged to Sam Adornetto in the end zone for the score. Frank Reid's placement was good. This score was shortly evened up when Robitaille of Cathedral bullied his way through our line and ran fifty yards for a score.

In the second period, Pittsfield advanced to the Cathedral 17-yard line but ran out of downs.

Cathedral added two more touchdowns in the third and fourth periods, the last one on a deflected pass in which Chuck Garivaltis blocked the pass; but the ball went into the arms of another Cathedral man for a touchdown.

Outstanding in the game for their running were Sam Adornetto and Frank Reid.

AGAWAM ROMPS OVER P. H. S. 37-7

On Saturday afternoon October 28, at Wahconah Park, the Pittsfield High football team suffered its worst defeat of the season. Playing a definitely inferior game, P. H. S. was literally overrun by Agawam.

Agawam quickly showed their greater skill by scoring early on a misplay by the Pittsfield team. This was followed swiftly by another touchdown when an attempted lateral was pounced upon by an Agawam man.

Pittsfield made their bid to get back in the game early in the second quarter. Sparked by a 17-yard run by Frank Reid, Pittsfield

marched 63 yards for a touchdown. John Fiorini made the six points in a plunge from the four-yard line. Frank Reid's placement was good.

Agawam drove for two more touchdowns, mainly by mixing its aerial and ground plays successfully.

On the first play from scrimmage following the fifth touchdown, Stan Chmielewski of Agawam intercepted a lateral from Mickey DiAngelis and ran 28 yards for a touchdown.

Mickey DiAngelis and Charles Garivaltis are to be commended for their passing and running respectively.

NORTHAMPTON TRIUMPHS OVER P. H. S. 14-0

At Kearny Field, Northampton, in a game that was once postponed because of rain, Northampton High beat Pittsfield by a score of 14 to 0.

Northampton started right off with a bang by marching eighty-two yards from the opening kick-off for a touchdown. Their second touchdown, also in the first period, was temporarily held up when Ken Keehnle recovered a fumble. However, they started again from the fifty-yard line and this time Dick Bombard crashed over from the four-yard line for the score.

After the disastrous first quarter, Pittsfield got down to business and effectively stopped the Northampton eleven, although the P. H. S. team had a few close calls. One of these, in the second period, was averted just as Northampton was about to go over for the score. Northampton had almost scored when, much to the relief of thirty-three boys, the first half ended.

Pittsfield made a grand stab for a touchdown when "Gallop" Frank Reid ran seventy-six yards before he was pulled down by a Northampton man. But they were set back by a penalty and failed to score. Penalties have been the nemesis of the Pittsfield team all season.

ST. JOE RETIRES P. H. S. 14-12

By Carl Maynard

The Pittsfield High football team completed its season November eleventh at Wahconah Park by losing to our inter-city rivals, St. Joseph's, 14 to 12. The Armistice Day classic was the most interesting game that this scribe has ever witnessed. The number of penalties, eight for P. H. S. and six for St. Joe, helped to make it so.

It looked as if it was going to be the 1949 game all over again when P. H. S. marched to a touchdown early in the first quarter. This was set up when Ken Wilde pounced upon a St. Joe fumble on the enemy's thirty yard line. The six points were made on a pass to Lou Kryznowski from Chuck Garivaltis.

St. Joe's first touchdown was made after a long run. Ed Poulin slipped away from Pittsfield tacklers and ran 74 yards to the Pittsfield two-yard line. Fred Broderick made the score.

The second touchdown was the oddest thing ever seen on a football field. Fred Broderick threw a short pass to Kordana, a St. Joe end. He started through a mass of players and was hit so hard that he dropped the ball. It went right into the arms of the St. Joe quarterback Anderson and he ran for the score.

Pittsfield's last score came on a neat pass from DiAngelis on the St. Joe 37 to Kryznowski under the goal posts.

The margin of victory was the two conversions after touchdowns, both kicked by Ed Tierney.

PITTSFIELD JAYVEES HAVE GOOD SEASON

The Pittsfield Jayvees completed their season with a record of two wins and one loss. The loss was to a strong team from Darrow. The hard-fought game ended with Darrow ahead 19 to 0. The second game was

a closely contested affair, in which Pittsfield emerged with an edge of 7 points over Adams. In this game Pittsfield was hampered considerably by an unusual number of penalties. In the third game, Coach Hickey's boys showed their improvement by trouncing Adams again, this time to the tune of 26 to 0.

Altogether, the hard working Jayvee team had an entirely successful season.



FOOTBALL NOTES

It is interesting to note that it is quite hard for some football players to find their way around Pittsfield. At the beginning of the season, two sophomore football player aspirants went to the wrong park to practice and fell in line with the St. Joseph players, who were doing calisthenics. The two boys worked very diligently for a while until one of them recognized a St. Joe player. The young man turned to his friend and said, "What's he doing here? I'll bet he's trying to steal our plays."

Dempsey Morris has an unusual record. In almost every game he's played, he's been injured in some way. However, these injuries have been minor ones. His brother Elio is in the hospital because of a serious injury to his knee.

There's more than one way for a player to get out of doing calisthenics. I was out in back of the school when the varsity were doing their exercises. They were supposed to be doing twenty push-ups. I listened to one lad count. He counted each push-up—1-2-3-6-7-9-10-14-15-18-19-20. He had finished before the fellow next to him was half done.

The co-captains for next year's team have been elected. They are Leo Gilson and Louis Kryznowski. Congratulations, boys, and good luck.



SENIOR HOCKEY TEAM

Left to right. Santina Palano, Lillian Gaudette, Libera Principe, Diane Nadeau, Carolyn Wagner, Barbara Duggan, Sally McCambridge, Kathleen Keegan, Mary Zofrea.
Kneeling Captain, Josephine Salzarulo.

Girls' Sports

HOCKEY

The girls' field hockey tournament ended Thursday, October thirty-first. The seniors won the tournament by defeating both the juniors and sophs twice. It was a very interesting and hard fought tournament. The juniors and sophomores tied for second place by defeating each other once, and each bowing to the seniors twice.

The seniors, who were captained by "Pepe" Salzarulo, played well and certainly deserved to win the tournament. Others who made the senior team and helped much to win the championship were Lib Principe, "Chooch" Zofrea, Carol Wagner, Barb Duggan, Judy Meagher, Sally McCambridge,

Kitty Keegan, "Di" Nadeau, Sandy Palano, and Lil Gaudette.

The juniors were captained by Barb Whorle the sophs by Barb Limont, each of whom proved to be an able captain. The junior team is as follows: Tish McCarty, "Mimi" Komuniecki, Bobbi Lipari, Barb Bingham, Sue Cook, Phyl Gale, Linda Milne, Barb Marsters, Liz Murthy, and Janet Gerlach. The juniors were also very good players in the tournament. The sophs were composed of Marilyn Case, Mary Gabriel, Anne Shields, Elda Filault, Joan Hatin, Carolyn Keefe, Dolores Barea, Sally Reagan and Patricia Noon. All teams played exceptionally well.

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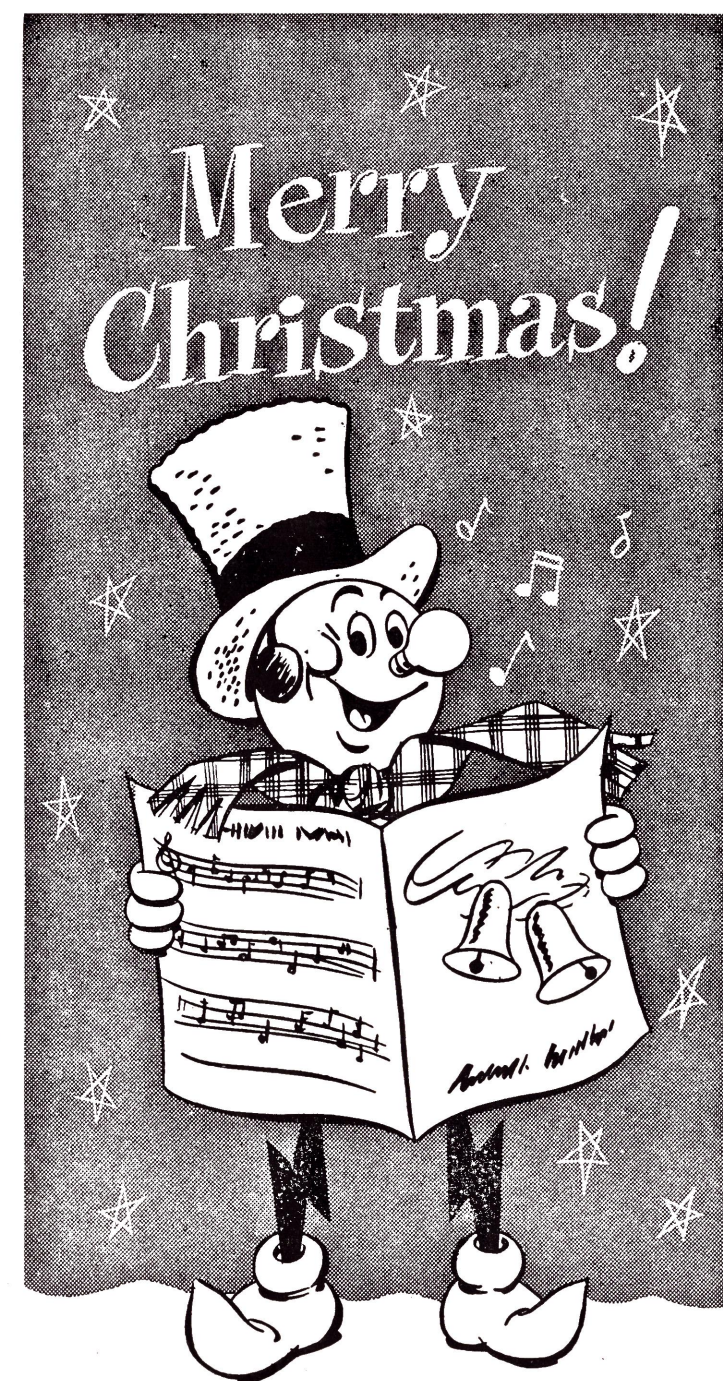
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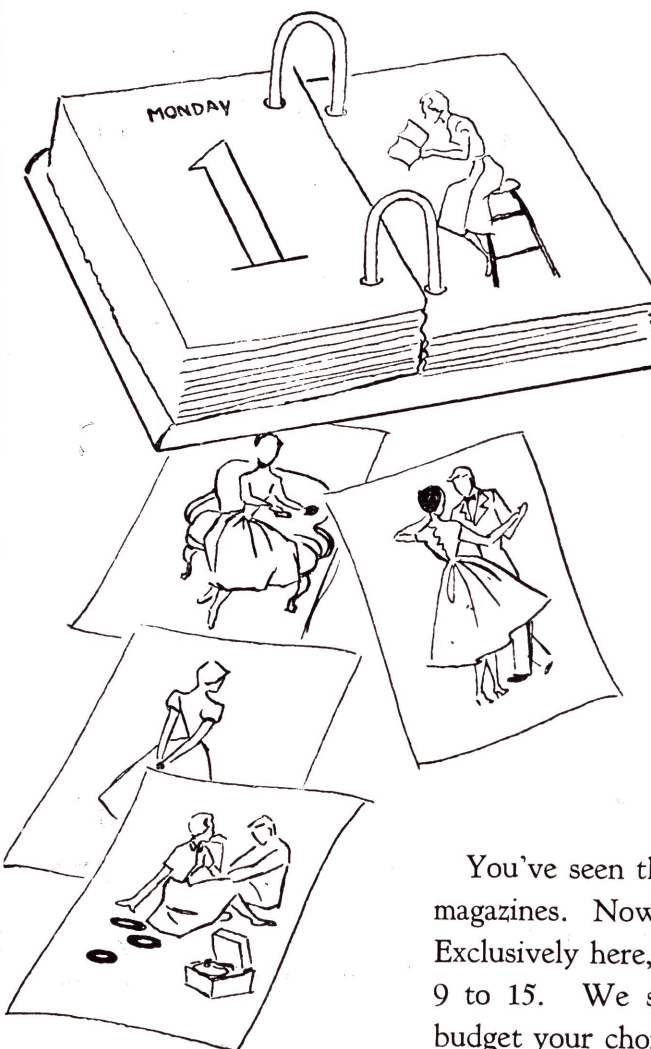
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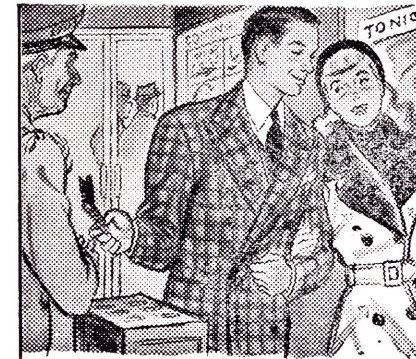


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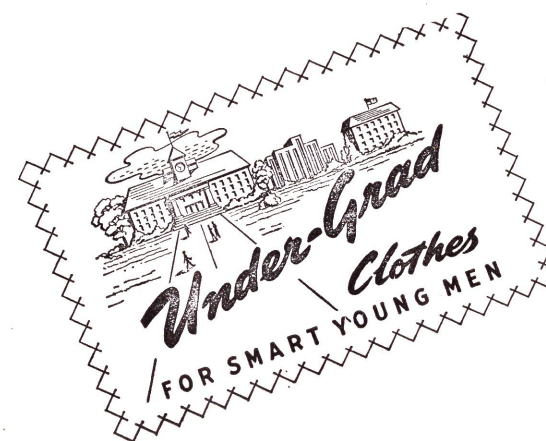
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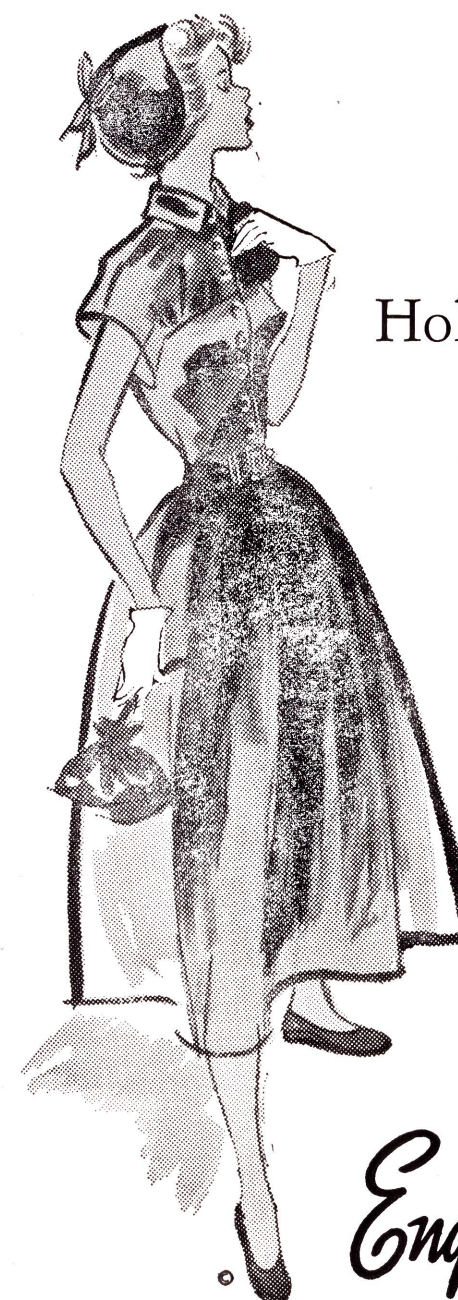
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